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VOL. 61.—No. 49.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1883.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

SATURDAY CONCERT at CRYSTAL PALACE, THIS DAY, December 8th, at Three o'clock. Programme will include Overture, *Genoveva* (Schubert); Pianoforte Concerto, No. 3, in C minor (Beethoven); Serenade for Orchestra in G, first time at these Concerts (C. V. Stanford); Selection from Music to *The Birds* of Aristophanes, first time (H. H. Parry). Vocalists—Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg (her first appearance) and Signor Foll. Solo Pianoforte—Mme Montigny-Rénaury. Conductor—Mr C. VILLIERS STANFORD. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

MME ALBANI and Mr SIMS REEVES will give a **GRAND CONCERT** (Sacred, Operatic, and Ballad), at ST JAMES'S HALL, SATURDAY Evening next, December 15, at Eight o'clock. Artists: Mme Albani and Mme Antoinette Sterling; Mr Herbert Reeves, Mr F. Barrington Foote, and Mr Sims Reeves. Pianoforte, M. Vladimir de Pachmann; Violin, Mr Carrodus. The Anemoic Union, under the direction of Mr Lazarus. Conductors, Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR and Signor BISACCIA. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 3s., and 1s., at Austin's Office, St James's Hall, and usual Agents.

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MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT will play, on Friday Evening next, the 14th inst., at the Vestry Hall, for the benefit of St Matthew's Church, Oakley Square, her new "GIGUE" and "GAVOTTE" (just published), and a "RHAPSODIE HONGROISE" by LISZT. One of Messrs Broadwood's iron concert grands will be used on this occasion. 38, Oakley Square, N.W.

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Dec. 4th, at 8 p.m.—SAMUEL GEE, Esq., will read a Paper on "The True Position of the Science of Music and the True Status of its Profession."

Jan. 8th, 1884.—EXAMINATION for ASSOCIATESHIP.

Jan. 9th.—EXAMINATION for ASSOCIATESHIP.

Jan. 10th.—EXAMINATION for FELLOWSHIP.

N.B.—Candidates names must be sent in on or before Jan. 1st.

Feb. 5th, at 8 p.m.—E. BEHNKE, Esq., will read a Paper on "Photographs of the Throat in Singing," with Illustrations.

March 4th, at 8 p.m.—W. MANBY DE SERGISON, Esq., will read a Paper on the subject of "Choir Training."

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MR SINCLAIR DUNN will sing "DEAR LAND OF MY
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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

On Saturday last Berlioz's Mass for the Dead was performed for the second time in England, under the direction of Mr Manns, to whom is due the credit of introducing it last season. The genesis of this remarkable work must be well known to all readers of musical literature, but, for the sake of completeness here, it may be well briefly to state the facts. In 1836 the French Minister of the Interior, M. Gasparin, himself a musical amateur, resolved to encourage composition for the Church by ordering new works, and having them performed at the expense of the Government. He began with Berlioz, to whom was assigned the task of producing a Requiem Mass for a service commemorative of the July Revolution. Berlioz entered upon his work with the feverish enthusiasm that has left its mark upon so much of his music. "My head," he tells us, "seemed ready to burst with the force of struggling ideas. The plan of one piece was hardly sketched before that of another presented itself; and, not being able to write quickly enough, I adopted stenographic signs." Yet the Mass, though ready, was not performed as at first intended. The Minister changed his mind, and some months later Berlioz was trying to obtain from Government payment of the debts he had incurred to copyists and chorus singers, when news came of the fall of Constantine, and the death of General Damrémont. The event was opportune. It enabled the Minister to redeem his promise by assigning the Requiem for performance at a grand funeral service in the Church of the Invalides; and to soothe the composer's wounded spirit in the best possible way, this time faith was kept with Berlioz. The Mass figured in the ceremonial for the dead of the African army, Habeneck conducting, and we can easily believe the record which tells us that it made a great sensation. In a letter to his friend Ferrand ("Lettres Intimes") the composer characteristically describes the effect of his work:—"The impression was astonishing upon persons of the most diverse feelings and tastes. The curé of the Invalides wept at the altar a quarter of an hour after the ceremony, and was bathed in tears when he embraced me in the sacristy."

Upon one chorister, he further tells us, the result of five orchestras and eight pairs of drums was a nervous attack. Even the composer exclaims, "Vraiment, c'était d'une horrible grandeur." Into other circumstances attendant upon the performance we need not enter. The mind of Berlioz, excitable even to the point of disease, was always conjuring up enemies, and against his Requiem, according to his own account, a shameless conspiracy well nigh prevailed. We observe that the annotator of the Crystal Palace programme book accepts the story told by Berlioz to the prejudice of a much greater man than himself—Cherubini—whom he accuses of very mean jealousy and underhand opposition. It is right to say that Cherubini's latest biographer, M. Arthur Pougin, disposes of this matter very conclusively. He cites a letter found among the papers of the Cherubini family; that letter is in the handwriting of Berlioz, and it expressly thanks the Italian composer for having withdrawn his own Requiem in favour of the Frenchman's work. Upon this evidence M. Pougin makes some strong reflections, which we need not repeat.

In his book *Opera and the Drama*, the late Herr Richard Wagner devotes some observations to Berlioz. They are not flattering, and on some former occasions it has been our duty to show that, as remarks for general application, they are not just. We accept them, however, in view of the Mass for the Dead; the method of which they describe with singular truthfulness. Here are the German master's words: "What he (Berlioz) had to say to people, was so wonderful, unusual and completely unnatural, that he could not give utterance to it, without more ado, in plain and simple language; he required a monstrous apparatus of the most complicated machines, in order, by means of a most beautifully and delicately jointed system of mechanism, adjusted in the most varied manner, to publish what a simple human organ could not possibly pronounce exactly, because it was something unhuman." After pointing out that the miracles of priestcraft are only the successful application of mechanics, Wagner continues: "Such a miracle is, in truth, the Berlioz orchestra. Every height and depth of the capabilities of this system of mechanism has Berlioz searched out to the development of a truly astonishing knowledge, and if we choose to acknowledge the discoveries of our present industrial system of mechanics as the benefactors of the mankind of our modern political system, we must glorify Berlioz as the true saviour of our absolute musical world, since he has rendered it a possibility for musicians to produce the most wonderful effect from the most unartistic and empty tenor of their music-making, by the unheard-of and various employment of mechanical means." Let us see how far these words are true, and, first, as to the mere mechanism of the Requiem. Berlioz employs in this work a tenor solo and a six-part chorus of 210 voices. With these are associated five distinct orchestras—a grand orchestra of 140 instruments, including twelve horns, and four bands of ten or

twelve brass instruments, stationed at a distance from each other. Finally, and by way of *bonne bouche*, there are eight pairs of kettle drums, two double drums, four tam-tams, and ten pairs of cymbals. Such is the "monstrous apparatus" through which Berlioz expresses his "wonderful, unusual, and completely unnatural" ideas. An obvious reflection presents itself at sight of all this complex machinery, and it is that no reasonable considerations of art could require so great an aggregation of various forces. Music is not the legitimate prey of dynamics. It existed before "the morning stars sang together," and the musician, looking on the printed page, enjoys it, though not the faintest murmur stirs the air. Music employs mechanical forces when it would, if the term may pass, materialize itself, but, beyond a certain limit, accumulation of means affords *prima facie* reason for question as to how far the art is really acting, and how far the mechanical artist. This has to be decided in each particular case by examining the relationship of the ideas and their expression. Is the second a necessity of the first? By the answer the musical mechanism stands or falls. Looking at the Requiem with the question just propounded clearly in mind, we see an immense disproportion between thought and means of utterance. The thought, indeed, is obscured, if not hidden, by complex resources for its expression. We cannot discern the house for the scaffolding, nor grasp the idea through the involved phraseology and strange inflections of the speaker. This means that Berlioz tries—not wholly, but as far as certain movements are concerned—to work through mechanical appliances. He begins with them instead of with the musical thought, and we are compelled to add that he ends with them, getting up from his work with no more credit than belongs to an ingenious artificer. In this we do not judge him harshly, since evidence in favour of the conclusion appears on almost every page. Take, for example, the famous fanfare heralding the "Tuba mirum," the idea is that of the last trumpet: "Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth, Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth." Here the true poet-musician recognizes the absolutely inexpressible, and limits himself to suggestion which stops as far as may be from imitation. Thus did Mozart in his Requiem, where a few notes from the trombone convey whatever is possible to music, and leave imagination to do the rest. But Berlioz sets all his vast apparatus to work in the most grossly materialistic spirit; orchestra answering orchestra till the ear is deafened by brassy noise. What is the result? Simply that we are reminded of the *revue* of a great army, rather than of the *Dies iræ*. So with the rolling of the drums in the same movement. "Death is struck and nature quaking, All creation is awaking, To its Judge an answer making." What has the rolling of twice sixteen drums to do with such a stupendous thought? It becomes puerile in the very degree of its means, just as would preparations for a voyage to the moon. The conclusion is that Berlioz was mainly bent upon orchestral effects, which must have been his end, since they could not have used them as means whereby to reach the obviously unattainable. We thus detract long before arriving at the mechanical climax in the "Rex tremendæ." "Confutatis maledictis, Flammis acerbis addictis, Voca me de profundo lacu" (the English translation does not serve here)—thus runs the text; and Berlioz expands to the extreme point of "horrible grandeur," divided even there by an impassable gulf from the unfathomable lake and the deeper despair of those who cry out of its profound. A great artistic mistake is therefore presented by this Requiem. Granted that its aim was as lofty as that of the builders of the Tower of Babel, its means are as mechanical, and its end is failure and confusion.

All this, however, should not blind us to the remarkable ingenuity of the score, and the sometimes wonderful beauty of the orchestration. If we reject the work as a requiem we treasure it as a book of experiments in grouping tone-colours. So regarded, each page is a study, of appreciable value to composers and of unfailing interest to amateurs. In illustration of this, a crowd of examples present themselves, but the theme is too suggestive to enter upon here. It needs separate discussion. Neither can we stop to remark upon a crowd of other details, many of them going to prove that had Berlioz resisted temptation towards the exaggerated effects his soul loved he might have produced a masterpiece instead of a monstrosity. We are content to have touched the main point—to have raised a protest against the movement now degrading modern music by substituting sound for thought, colour for form, and mere nervous excitement for those pure delights of the mind and the imagination which are the proper end of an art truly named "divine."

The performance, all things considered, deserved a good deal of praise, the larger share of which falls to Mr Manns by indisputable right. He undertook an immense task—how immense few can know—and he discharged it well. Let credit be given also to the great array of instrumentalists, who made very few mistakes indeed; to the larger chorus, though they might have sung better in tune; and to the semi-chorus, by whom, taking advantage of a liberty

allowed by the composer, the more important concerted music was executed. Mr Harper Kearton sang the tenor solo efficiently. The audience was by no means crowded, and its attitude towards the work could hardly be called sympathetic.—D. T.

THE OPERA WAR.

From "The Paris Morning News."

Mr Ullman, the well-known retired operatic manager, had the following conversation on November 20, with a representative of *The Morning News* :—

"What do you think of the operatic war now going on in New York between Abbey and Mapleson?"

"That not only the two managers but the opera will be altogether smashed in America. You must consider that even in such an immense city as London there is a proportionately limited number of opera-goers, who hardly can support one opera, but if there are two operas that limited number has to be divided between the two houses, and you will easily understand that if the entire operatic public can hardly sustain one opera much less can they sustain two."

"Do you think that the American public will derive any benefit from the rivalry between the two houses?"

"I do not think so, judging from present appearances. The repertoire of the two houses has hitherto been nearly the same. Abbey gives, for instance, *Lucia* and *La Traviata*, while Mapleson gives *La Traviata* and *Lucia*. Similar operas have been heard in New York for these thirty years from artists who were even superior to those now singing in New York, at average prices of from fifty cents to one dollar admission, and one and a half to two dollars for a reserved seat, while most houses now charge two and a half dollars to five dollars for reserved seats. The consequence is that an opera-goer, who formerly went eight times, will now go but twice a month. My fear is that they will soon be so tired that they will not go at all."

"What is your opinion about the two opera companies?"

"Abbey's company is greater and better than that of any theatre on the continent of Europe, the Imperial Opera of St. Petersburg—which during the winter season is considered to be the best in Europe—not even excepted. Covent Garden, in London, is, however, even far superior, as it is open only during three months in the summer, when all other operahouses on the continent are closed, and all artists, therefore, disengaged. It can, therefore, form a company by taking the best artists at comparatively moderate salaries, because they are disengaged and like to sing in London in a house considered the first in the world. Besides, every artist has, more or less, a wish to go to America, and they know that a London reputation has more influence upon American managers than any success they may have achieved at the other theatres, which are rarely noticed by the American press. Abbey actually possesses the best *prima donnas*, tenors, and baritones which Europe can boast, while Mapleson's company—with the exception of Patti, Gerster, and Galassi, is but a scratch one."

"Do you think that the two managers will be able to finish their season?"

"No—unless they reduce the salaries of many of their artists, who, taking advantage of the competition, have obtained pay for their services on a single night which they do not elsewhere obtain for a full month's work."

"What salaries do those artists receive in America, and what salaries did they get in Europe?"

"Commencing with Patti: Until the last three years she was paid 5,000 fr. per night, giving her services for an entire season of from three to five months. She got, for a short time, 10,000 fr. per night from Pollini, the well-known German manager, during a tour in Germany, she singing, as a rule, but once in each town. During the twenty and odd years she appeared at Covent Garden, her salary ranged from £80 to £200 per night. Only the last season she insisted upon £400 per night during the nine nights of her engagement. Patti insisted in America upon 5,000 dollars per night, but, as nobody had the courage to engage her, she went there on her own hook, and finally had to accept from Abbey 4,000 dols. per night for thirty nights for a tour embracing the principal cities of the Union, which resulted in a loss of from 12,000 dols. to 15,000 dols. which, luckily, did not fall upon Abbey, but upon some piano-maker, who wanted to use this tour as a medium of advertising his instruments. The season given last year in America by Gye and Mapleson, when Patti got likewise 4,000 dols. a night, resulted in a loss of upwards of 60,000 dols. Patti, during her present tour, attracts 8,000 dols. to 10,000 dols. per night, which leaves the manager a good profit on her nights."

"Gerster got in America during three seasons 3,000 fr. per night."

Now she would not go under 8,000 fr. a night, besides all travelling and hotel expenses. Abbey has to pay Campanini 8,000 dollars for eight nights a month."

"What do you think of Abbey and Mapleson as managers of the opera?"

"I cannot give an opinion about Abbey, as he never was an operatic manager before. I made his acquaintance here in Paris. He struck me as an intelligent person, *un homme sérieux*, as the French say, with a decided genius which he showed, well knowing that he does not understand much of operatic management, by engaging Maurice Grau, whom I consider as the best man in that line now in America, as his acting manager, at an exorbitant salary. Mapleson, who has as much right to the title of 'manager of Her Majesty's Opera' as that of Colonel, talks about opening the new theatre on the Thames Embankment, in June next, and has actually engaged some artists to accept contracts for that opening, though it is well known that it never will be built. I read in an interview with him, published in a New York paper, that the Prince of Wales had subscribed £30,000. Now, it is well known that his Royal Highness would not subscribe 30,000 pence for that undertaking. Mapleson got Gye to engage him as manager of the opera in America, on account of the 'Covent Garden Company, Limited,' and they allowed him to make some engagements in Italy, for last year's season in New York. He engaged a lot of poor artists and caused a loss of 60,000 dols. in two months. Ernest Gye saved the company from a greater loss, by engaging Scalchi, Albani, and others."

After referring to some of Mr. Mapleson's managerial vicissitudes, Mr Ullman said: "Mapleson puts me in mind of an anecdote which a prominent New Yorker once told me. When New York was still a Dutch city, and bore the name of New Amsterdam, they elected an old Knickerbocker as Mayor. When he grew old he used to sit in an arbour in his garden smoking a pipe, and used to say, 'I was the most popular man the city ever had. I was elected by an immense majority, and have been kicked out by a still larger one.'"

THE CHILDREN'S CRY AND THE ANGELS' SONG.

<p>Cold, cold was the night, and dismal, As I passed through the crowded street, [spirit To my home where my grief-worn A Christmas joy should greet; Away from the world and its anguish, Away from its fraud and wrong, To join in the Christmas anthem And echo the angels' song. Glory to God in the highest, His praise shall never cease, Glory to God in the highest, And to His children peace.</p> <p>But a jarring note of trouble Came to mar the angelic strain, Like a sob of infinite sorrow, Or a throb of intensest pain; In tones of unspeakable sadness It rose and it rolled along, Till the bitter wail of the children Had silenced the angels' song. Then I passed from my home of splendour, And went forth in the cold, cold night,</p>	<p>While the stars were shining in heaven, So pure, so keen, so bright; With a yearning heart, self-weary I wandered the outcast among, And I strove to allure the children To join in the angels' song. Glory to God in the highest, His praise shall never cease, Glory to God in the highest, And to His children peace.</p> <p>While striving to lighten their burden, And to charm all their sorrow away, Fair hopes came to brighten my future, And each sordid alarm to allay; And the discords were jarring no longer The anthem sublime and strong, For the bitter cry of the children Was lost in the angels' song. Glory to God in the highest, His praise shall never cease, Glory to God in the highest, To all His children peace.</p>
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91, Stockwell Road, S.W.

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ALFRED TAPLEY.

MUNICH.—On the 16th ult., Franz Nachbaur celebrated the 25th anniversary of his entry into the operatic company at the Theatre Royal, choosing for the occasion the character of Walther Stolzing, in which he made his *début*. In honour of the event, King Ludwig presented him with a large silver laurel wreath, bearing on the ribbon the inscription: "King Ludwig to the Chamber-Singer, Franz Nachbaur, on his 25th professional anniversary, 1858-1883." The holidays at the Theatre Royal begin on the 30th June, and end, as far as opera is concerned, on the 9th August. On the 14th July, the members of the orchestra, and as many of the chorus as are required, start for the *Parsifal* Performances at Bayreuth, where the rehearsals begin on the 15th. Between the 20th July and the 8th August there will be ten performances of *Parsifal*, and on the 17th August the *Nibelungen* Performances commence at the Theatre Royal here.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 753.)

In less than a month's time there was another letter to his daughter on the interesting patient's state of health:

"Paris, 26th July, 1832.

"My dear good Zénobie,—I received your letter of the 13th; not only do I answer it on my own account, but I write, also, for your mother, who is not in a state to write herself without great fatigue. We are all, however, satisfied with the progress she is making to restored health; the only person not contented is herself, for she thinks her cure takes a long time; she would like to go hither and thither, and set about one thing and the other, as her fancy dictates, but that is still impossible, for her recovery will take a long time, and she will get on slowly. . . . We must not disguise the fact, my dear, that she has had an attack of chronic and dry cholera, which is not dangerous if well attended to, with proper precautions and the avoidance of any act of imprudence. Such, my dear Zénobie,* is a very circumstantial and faithful† bulletin of our patient's state, past, present, and future. I say 'future,' because we are all convinced that she will continue to improve.

"At the beginning of your letter, my dear girl, you express a fear lest I should find your letters a little too long; undeceive yourself. Were they‡ four times longer than that you have written me, far from being fatigued by reading them, I derive great pleasure from so doing. To convince you of the truth of what I state, I beg to inform you that I always read from beginning to end all the letters you send your mother; only I ask someone to explain to me the words I cannot decipher in your writing, which I sometimes find illegible.

"I may tell you that I continue to be quite well, and jog along very comfortably. Adieu, my dear child; I leave you, because it fatigues me to write much, but not to read what you write. I keep a place at the bottom of the page for Salvador to send you a few lines about Figeac.§ My best compliments to your amiable family, with a million tender kisses for yourself and Hippolyte. Good-bye, I expect you in Paris for your confinement.—Your affectionate father,

"L. CHERUBINI."

Mdme Cherubini, however, improved but slowly, and Cherubini was not without apprehension of a possible relapse. We shall see with what solicitude he begged Mdme Rosellini to be careful with her Mother, and restrict, as far as possible, the correspondence she kept up with her. In transcribing this correspondence, I cannot refrain from always thinking of Mendelssohn and his cavalier manner of judging a man endowed with so much heart. The next letter is without date, but it should certainly follow those the reader has just perused.

"My dear Zénobie,—I write to you without your Mother's knowledge, for she must not know that I charge and beg you to persuade her with regard to the future, as if what you said came from yourself, seeing that, if we insisted on her making a sacrifice which is necessary, she would not listen to us and would pay no attention. We must not disguise the fact that she has been, and still is, in an exceedingly nervous condition. Her weakness is great; she is certainly better, but, when she is in a state to write to you, she must avoid doing so at any length, for such an effort might bring on a very dangerous relapse. It is, therefore, indispensable that you should insist on her not writing to you such long letters any more; I beg you even to set her an example in the letters you write to her. Moreover, you must tell her not to expect invariable regularity in your correspondence, for she is in agonies whenever your letters do not arrive on the day she expects them. She has been very ill since the 8th of last month; she has not left her bed, and has eaten nothing. Her illness is purely nervous, for her pulse has never varied, and is in a state opposed to fever. Good-bye, my dear child. A thousand tender kisses for yourself, your husband, and dear little Eugène. Your affectionate father,

"L. CHERUBINI."

We shall now see Cherubini a grandfather, taking all sorts of pains, although he did not know him, to please his grandson from a distance. The following letter is in two parts, one devoted to Mdme Rosellini and the other to her husband:

"Dieppe, 24th August, 1834. ¶

"My very dear Zénobie,—I am so happy, so happy at the kind wishes you express ¶ that I cannot tell you the pleasure they have

* Mdme Rosellini was about to become a mother.

† In the original: "Fidel."—TRANSLATOR.

‡ In the original: "Furen-telles."—TRANSLATOR.

§ Champollion-Figeac.

¶ This letter is in Italian.

¶ For the Saint-Louis, Cherubini's saint's day.

afforded me; I should like my saint's day to come round several times a year, because it would be a reason for my receiving more often and especially your dear letters. This is not a reproach which I address you; but I say it that you may know my inmost feelings without my exacting from you a more frequent correspondence. The long letters you write your mother, each of which she reads to me, supply the place of letters to myself particularly, which would be of no use since I already know what you are doing, as well as what are your projects, your amusements, &c. Talking of projects, you know the reasons why that formed by me this year came to nothing! I hoped to see you all this year! . . . Let us hope that there will be some happier changes next year, and that no obstacles may arise.

"Let us now speak of the dear bambino, whom I should very much like to embrace! does he grieve at no longer having his album to ill-treat every day? To console him, tell him that *papa bibi de là-bas là-bas*† will make him another, on condition, however, that, if he tears the new one, *papa bibi* will not make him any more. Mind you recollect, my dear Zénobie, as your husband has told you more than once, that there must be an uninterrupted rule in your system of education, and that maternal tenderness and weakness make you forget you must never yield to the caprices of a child, and that if to-day he seizes hold of a finger, to-morrow he will take your hand, and then all your arm. If you saw your sister's son, you would be convinced of what I say. Good bye, my dear girl. It is unnecessary to bid me wish you well. You know how I love you by the proofs I have given, and you know I am always ready to give you more and more. I embrace you, then, very tenderly, and am invariably your affectionate father,

"LEULI."

"My very dear Hippolyte,—I thank you for your attention, on the occasion of my saint's day, in wishing me all the happiness I can desire. What I can do in exchange is to wish you a state of health which will put an end to the nervous affection that distresses you, and give you the necessary courage to subdue it. To obtain this result it will be necessary for you not to be too eager to work. The anxiety caused by the publication of your book aggravates still more your sufferings. If your mind were easy, if you employed your intelligence only in seeking recreation, if you were to have a change of scene, you would find that, though they might not be entirely cured, your nerves would become considerably calmer; and then, your moral dominating your physical nature, you would reach the point I have reached. In the midst of your sufferings you find consolation in Zénobie and your dear Eugène. What a darling he must be! I long to know and embrace him! *Papa bibi* has promised to make him a new album to replace the one he tore. I knew beforehand in what a state he would make it; it could not end otherwise.

"All this year I thought I should be able to go to Marseilles, but my project could not be carried out. Let us hope that next year we shall be more fortunate, as in all probability we have reason to believe we shall. I desire, however, ardently that you may obtain the first prize offered by the Academy della Crusca. I am naturally inclined to believe no one but yourself can gain it. What pleasure I shall experience on learning your success! My best remembrances to all your dear family. My wife embraces you tenderly. I do the same, my beloved son, and am, as I always shall be, your very affectionate father,

"L. CHERUBINI."

(To be continued.)

PARIS THEATRES.—It appears from the annual report just issued on the Paris theatres that not one of those subventioned by the State managed last year to meet its expenses. The Italian Opera having ceased three years ago to exist, and the Théâtre Lyrique being no longer cared for by the framers of the Budget, there are now but four theatres on the favoured list, the Grand Opéra and the Opéra Comique, the Comédie Française and the Odéon. The accounts of each of these show for the past twelvemonth a notable deficit—that of the Opéra amounting, in spite of its subvention of £32,000 (800,000 fr.), to a clear £4,000. And, in spite of one of the conditions of the subvention obliging it to bring out every year two or three new operas, containing altogether eight new acts, the Académie has since this time last year produced but one opera in five acts. Had it produced two, the deficit would probably have been still greater; for much of this theatre's expenditure goes in mere scenery and decorations. The twenty-eight operas, new and old, which it has mounted since the new house was opened to the public a few years ago, have cost in externals no less than £190,000; or in French money very nearly five millions.—*St James's Gazette*.

** Cherubini amused himself with pasting pictures in books, to make albums for the use of his grandchildren.

†† These words are in French.

FACTS IN FRAGMENTS.

Berlioz's *Grande Messe des Morts* was, take it altogether, wonderfully played at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, but the audience was not moved to tears. They heard the five bands, the eight pairs of kettle-drums, with the tam-tams, and the cymbals, without fainting. It was in a certain sense like the mountain in labour, and the mouse that constituted the real harmony seemed pleased at the hub-bub that heralded its birth. We say, well done, instrumentalists, but don't do it again. We applaud your industry, but we pity your endurance. Berlioz's work has been heard, let us be satisfied without calling out "encore."

Balfe's cantata, *Mazeppa*, should be heard more frequently, for it contains some of his very best and most characteristic music. The amateur performance at St. George's Hall on Monday last, although creditable as an unprofessional effort, did not exhibit the music in all its fullness of harmony. It is remarkable that amidst all the difficulties in getting novelties for the many choral classes now in full performance all over London, this melodious and easily studied work should be passed over. Could not W. Henry Thomas introduce it in his Music for the Million. Everybody knows the story and most persons would enjoy the music.

Lady Arthur Hill was rather unfortunate in her production of *The Ferry Girl*, a story taken from the French by the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire (and heard on the same afternoon), to which she has wedded some very melodious music. Evidently the tenor part was intended for a singer who was attacked with hoarseness very suddenly, and the gentleman who undertook the music at the last moment did not know anything about it. Everything that could be encored was encored and re-demanded with genuine applause, for this lady has the gift of composing telling melodies and she sets them to accompaniments which are anything but commonplace. Indeed Lady Arthur Hill presided at the pianoforte with so much skill, and altogether displayed so much taste, that the vocalists were well supported. Two very pretty songs fell to the share of the principal lady, Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, and she sang them with becoming grace and good expression. A chorus for soldiers was also very effective, and had to be repeated, thanks to the energy of Capt. Barrington Foote and the gentlemen associated with him, who showed that they had not only been well drilled as vocalists, but also had gone through their paces as military men. Lady Arthur Hill was assisted in her duties as accompanist by Mr W. De M. Sergison at the harmonium, and I trust that the good cause for which the entertainment was given benefitted by their exertions.

PHOSPHOR.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

Since Italian Opera, for want of due support, was compelled to quit the French capital, and since its former home was transformed into a bank, Parisians have done nothing but regret that it was ever allowed to depart. Perhaps there was a slight element of wounded vanity in their regret. Perhaps they thought it a kind of national disgrace that, when places of secondary import—like London, St Petersburg, Vienna, Madrid, Berlin, Barcelona, &c.—could boast of an Italian Opera, "the capital of the civilized world," as Frenchmen modestly term Paris, should not possess such an institution. However that may be, matters have taken a favourable turn. Some year or so ago, M. Maurel, being at Milan, discussed with the Brothers Corti the question of once more establishing Italian Opera on the banks of the Seine. The well-known *impresarii* thought the idea feasible. Active and successful steps were then adopted to obtain the necessary capital; artists were engaged; a theatre was taken; and the usual preliminary flourishes in connection with the new enterprise executed, after the usual fashion, in the various papers. At last it was announced that the season would be inaugurated by a grand gala performance on the 27th ult., admission to the said performance being gained only by special tickets of invitation. It is scarcely necessary to say that the demand for such tickets was greatly in excess of the supply, and bitter was the disappointment in consequence. For the moment, Madagascar was forgotten, the Suez Canal dropt, and even China consigned to oblivion. People had no time to think of such things when MM. Corti and Maurel were about to fling open the doors of the new operatic temple.

The evening of the 27th November arrived. Eager crowds of pedestrians, and long files of vehicles streamed towards the Théâtre

des Nations in the Place du Châtelet. It may be mentioned that the majority of the pedestrians made the journey, not because they themselves were among the invited, but merely to see those who were. The aspect of the house inside was very different to what it used to be in the time of M. Ballande, the previous lessee. An air of elegant and refined comfort characterized the whole place, and the company comprised most of the leading representatives of art, literature, diplomacy, finance, and, though last, not least, fashion and beauty in Paris.

The opera selected for representation was Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*. First produced on the 12th March, 1856, at the Teatro della Fenice, Venice, it was not a success. Last year, after having been revised by the composer, it was brought out at the Milan Scala, and Maurel made a decided hit in the title-part. This induced him to open with it at the Théâtre des Nations, where he may be fairly said to have repeated his Italian triumph. Mme Adler-Devriès raised the by no means strong part of Amalia into unusual prominence, and, with Maurel, obtained the chief honours of the evening. The two other leading characters were confided to MM. de Reszké and Nouvelli, who contributed their share to the general success, although the latter artist was suffering from extreme nervousness, which prevented his doing himself full justice. The *mise-en-scène* was very satisfactory. The chorus had been carefully trained, and the orchestra, under the direction of the famous Milan conductor, Sig. Faccio, was well up to its work. Altogether, the management may be congratulated on the result of the opening night. One innovation they have introduced has afforded much satisfaction—ladies are allowed in the stalls.

It is as yet impossible to form an accurate opinion as to the future fortunes of the new enterprise, but there is, apparently, one formidable rock ahead: "The greatest difficulty for the Corti-Maurel management," writes a contemporary, "is the repertory. None of the operas performed at the Grand Opera and the Opéra-Comique may be performed at the Italiens, so that they cannot give *La Favorita*, *Les Huguenots*, *L'Africaine*, *Faust*, and so on. There are left only new operas, but even among these *Simon Boccanegra* is the only one available. *La Gioconda* and *Mefistofele* are out of the question. When, too, Mme Devriès goes to Monte-Carlo, no one will be allowed to take her place in Verdi's opera. There is some talk of the *Herodiade*, but the publisher, Hartmann, raises all kinds of difficulties, and M. Brandus refuses *Marta*."

—o—

MR PARRY'S NEW QUARTET.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

The production of a musical composition by an Englishman at the Popular Concerts is a phenomenon of such rare occurrence that the event deserves much more extended notice than we have at present space to give. Mr Hubert Parry's quartet in A flat for pianoforte and strings, heard last night for the first time at these concerts, is a work of the highest order, which will be liked more and more the better it is known. The stirring scherzo, with its charming trio in happiest contrast, and the broad and flowing andante, must please at a first hearing. The relations and combinations of the themes in the opening movement are exceedingly elaborate and difficult to grasp at first, so much so that the writer of the analysis in the programme, unable to understand the movement, reproaches its composer with an utter disregard of form—a charge of which Mr Parry is certainly as innocent as any living musician. The same authority, in his opening sentence, divulges, no doubt unintentionally, a principle which has long been suspected of ruling the selection of programmes at the Popular Concerts, but which had not previously found expression in so many words. He naively remarks: "Were not the composer . . . a young Englishman . . . the quartet would be justly open to elaborate criticism, if, indeed, not less to well-merited eulogy," thus admitting that criticism and eulogy alike are reserved at St James's Hall for foreigners only. The quartet was finely played by Mme Norman-Néruda, Miss Agnes Zimmerman, Herr Holländer, and Signor Piatti. The pianist gave for her solo an admirable rendering of Bach's organ fugue in G minor, arranged by Liszt.

ST ANDREW'S DAY.

The "Grand Scottish Festival" at the Royal Albert Hall on the evening of St Andrew's Day (Friday, Nov. 30) was as successful as in former years. The attendance in the better parts of the house at least was above the average, and the programme was selected with a consistency that did not offend the *amour propre* of the most cosmopolitan Scotsman present. These festivals have become quite an established institution; and if they do not possess some of the antiquated features of Welsh Eisteddfodau, they give prominence to the fact that the Scottish Muse has not yet given her sanction to the union of the Rose and the Thistle. In other words, the realm of song, as far as the Sassenach and Highlander are concerned, is as sharply defined now as it ever was: and it is, therefore, all the more incumbent that the programmes of Scotch concerts should be drawn mainly from the rich stores of the Doric Muse, if they are to satisfy the legitimate demands of their supporters. The following were the vocalists:—Mdmé Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdmé Antoinette Sterling, Miss Patti Winter; Messrs Joseph Maas, Barrington Foote, and Sig. Foli. It will be sufficient to say that each artist was in capital trim, and their efforts were received with discriminative applause. Mdmé Sherrington's rendering of "Gin a body" evoked an encore that could not be resisted, and she responded with a piquant song called "Jamie," the echo in which was most effectively produced. Mdmé Sterling, in "Caller Herrin'," also roused the *perferendum ingenium* Scotorum, and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour (half-past ten), was compelled to return to the platform thrice and bow her acknowledgments. But the audience would not be satisfied, and their unreasonable demand was at length complied with by the artist giving the well-worn "Here's to the year that's awa." Mr Joseph Maas was subjected to the same penalty for his singing of "Draw the sword, Scotland" (splendidly given), and, in response, repeated the last verse, while Mr Barrington Foote was loudly recalled after "Green grow the rushes, O," to which he also responded by a repetition of the last two verses. Signor Foli, in a song expressly written for him by Mr W. Carter, entitled "Brave and Fair," was loudly applauded for his powerful delivery, but his excellent voice was heard to more advantage in his first song, "The Man o' Airlie." The choir, under the beat of Mr Carter's *bâton*, gave, if we mistake not, almost the same pieces last November; as there was no difference in this regard, so, we think, the same may be said of their efforts. A change in this part of the programme would doubtless be acceptable to the majority of the audience. The garnishing of the concert consisted in the performance of Mendelssohn's "Scotch Symphony," arranged for pianoforte and organ (executants, Messrs William Carter and Edwin Bending); a violin solo, skilfully played by Herr Poznanski, entitled "Fantasia on Scotch Airs" (Hauser), which was encored, and "Bonnie Doon" substituted; and last, though not least, the valuable assistance of the Band of Her Majesty's Scots Guards, under the leadership of Mr J. P. Clarke, the talented bandmaster. The latter was heard with much acceptance in the overtures, "Scotch Melody" (Cavallini) and "La Militaire" (Pinsuti). Our record would be incomplete were we to omit the stirring parades of the pipers of the Scots Guards, who discoursed from the "wild mountain pipe" some national airs at the commencement of each part. Mr Edwin Bending presided at the grand organ, and the conductors were Messrs Carter and Bending.—WETSTAR.

Delighted Scots, both Highland and Lowland, "for auld lang syne" again gathered at St James's Hall on Friday, the 30th ult., in honour of their patron Saint. Many a disappointed face might have been seen coming down the stairs after reading Mr Austin's notice, "All tickets sold." Long before the advertised hour every available unreserved seat was taken possession of in the area, balcony, gallery, and orchestra, the fortunate occupants giving vent to their delight for at least an hour by holding an improvised concert. Song after song was sung in full chorus in a very creditable manner, until the filing in of the Glasgow Select Choir to their places in the orchestra indicated the commencement of the programme. After giving the popular Choir a hearty cheer, the audience settled down in real earnest to listen and applaud. As is usual upon such occasions, there seemed a desire to have everything repeated, if possible, but this was mainly owing to the excellence of the selections and to the popularity of the singers. The "Tramp

Chorus" from *Guy Mannering* appropriately opened the concert, Miss Johnstone, a member of the choir, successfully undertaking the somewhat arduous soprano solo. Mr Gideon Duncan, another member of the choir, with a splendid bass voice, came next with "All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border." This was given in the most stirring and effective manner, and was re-demanded. Mr Duncan was no less successful, later on, in "The March of the Cameron Men." Miss Fyfe, in "Gala Water" and "My heart is sair," was rapturously encored. This lady's rich, firm contralto voice was heard to great advantage in the songs she so artistically rendered. The choir may well be called "select" which contains such vocalists. At such concerts the native songsters are, no doubt, heard with much acceptance, it being so difficult for those not to the manner born to give with pure expression not only words and music, but the deep underlying sentiment pervading many of the Songs of Scotland. For choirs, in particular, this must be very difficult, and accounts for the apparent necessity of bringing a choir all the way from Glasgow to sing a few part-songs. For force and delicacy of expression it would be difficult to excel the Glasgow Choir. The drilling seemed to be almost perfect—every word was heard, every mark of expression told effectively. The rendering was truthful throughout, because intelligent and artistic—not a meaningless shout or whisper meant to represent "piano" and "forte," having no possible connection with the words. Hence their success in all they undertook, whether humorous, martial, or pathetic, as shown in "Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane," "Kate Dalrymple," "Scots wha hae," &c., and last, not least, in Sir G. A. Macfarren's beautiful setting of "To Mary in Heaven," composed expressly for this concert. That this latter will be heard again and again there can be little doubt. Mr Sims Reeves, as usual, received a great reception. Our old favourite perhaps made a mistake in selecting "Aye wakin', O!" for his first song, and was not helped by the words being wrongly printed in the books. In "The Macgregor's Gathering," however, Mr Reeves succeeded in such a manner as to be repeatedly re-called. When Mr Saunders appeared upon the platform to thank the audience for Mr Reeves, and to apologise for his not singing again, owing to the lateness of the hour, the clamour ended. Mdmé Patey was in grand voice, encores being a matter of course for her two songs, "The Land o' the Leal" and "The Laird o' Cockpen" ("My boy Tammie" being substituted for the latter in response). Mdmé Agnes Ross, an established favourite at these concerts, gave "The Standard on the Braes o' Mar" ("Charlie is my darling" for encore) and her ever-welcome "Caller Herrin'." Mr Santley was in his happiest vein, and in good voice. "Bonnie Dundee" "brought down the house," and "M-hm" convulsed the audience with laughter, as did also "The Deil's awa'" as an encore song. Mr Walter Clifford, in "Duncan Gray" and "Maggie Lauder," succeeded well, being re-called for both. The enthusiastic reception given to Signor Piatti for the beautiful rendering of his own "Airs Baskys," as a violoncello solo, was well deserved. There was no escaping an encore, and the "Ave Maria" of Schubert pleased no less. The conductors were Mr Sidney Naylor, Mr W. D. Swan, Signor Romili, and Mr James Allan.—W. H.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh visited the college last Saturday afternoon during the weekly *ensemble* class, and listened to part of a Quartet in D by Haydn, and of Mozart in E flat. The class was conducted by Mr Henry Holmes, professor of the violin, and the following students performed:—Sutcliffe, Bent, McCunn, Squire, Miss Holiday, Dolmetch, Kreuz, and Werge.

ARISTOPHANES AT CAMBRIDGE.—The final performance of *The Birds* of Aristophanes at Cambridge was largely patronized last Saturday afternoon, every available space being occupied, and among those present were Mr Hugh Childers and Mr J. Russell Lowell, United States Minister. On the previous day Lord Lytton was present, and the performance has also been witnessed by Lord Houghton and Mr Alma Tadema. "An Artist" writes:—"As this subject of the Greek play of the *Birds*, performed at Cambridge, has created a good deal of interest, and commendation has been given to the way it has been produced, I beg to state that the man who did the whole of the designing, and made the very ingenious and clever adaptations of the different birds, is M. Barthe, costumier, Chelsea, and that the professors and students did not see most of them till the eve of the day they were to use them."

ST JAMES'S HALL.
MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
TWENTY-SIXTH SEASON, 1883-84.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE ELEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 10, 1883,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Sextet, in G major, Op. 36, for two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos (Brahms)—Mme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, Zerbini, Pezze, and Piatti; Song, "Creation's Hymn" (Beethoven)—Miss Hilda Wilson; Fantasia, in F minor, Op. 49, Berceuse, Op. 57, and Valse, in D flat, Op. 64, for pianoforte alone (Chopin)—M. Vladimir de Fachmann.

PART II.—Adagio, in E major, from Concerto in A minor, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Viotti)—Mme Norman-Néruda; Song, "Golden Thread" (Gounod)—Miss Hilda Wilson; Quartet, in D minor, Op. 42, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—Mme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 8, 1883,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quintet, in G minor, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (Mozart)—Mme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti; Song, "Lusinghe più care," *Alessandro* (Handel)—Miss Thudichum; Rhapsodie, in G minor, Intermezzo, in A flat, Op. 76, No. 3, and Hungarian Dance, in D flat, No. 6, for pianoforte alone (Brahms)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann; Pensées Fugitives, for pianoforte and violin (Heller and Ernst)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Mme Norman-Néruda; Song, "Im Herbst" (Franz)—Miss Thudichum; Serenade Trio, in D major, for vio, in viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Mme Norman-Néruda, MM. Straus and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1883.

BERLIOZ'S MESSE DES MORTS.

THE enthusiastic applause with which the large audience at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last expressed unusual pleasure was, if nothing else, a warm tribute of thanks to Mr Manns and his forces, for the extraordinary interpretation they had given of Berlioz's *Messe des Morts*. Such an acknowledgment could scarcely have been withheld, for the difficulties surmounted were evident to the most uninterested visitor. Indeed, they appealed to the eye as well as to the ear, for the orchestra, more crowded than usual, was more elaborately arranged. In the midst of the band, which ordinarily forms Mr Manns' compact forces, were scattered here and there beaters of drums, thumpers of tam-tams, and clashers of cymbals; while at each of the four corners was stationed a company of players armed with the most formidable of brazen instruments; above and around were choristers, and in front a semi-chorus of professional singers. The appearance of an array so imposing showed unmistakably that the directors had determined to comply with every exigent demand of the French composer, and the plaudits of the audience were offered in recognition of services so adequately rendered. During the performance there were few expressions of approval, which, had the work not been one of great solemnity, would have indicated at least inappreciation, but the nature of the subject should at all times keep demonstrations in abeyance.

That the prolonged applause, heard at the conclusion, was directed less to the work than to the performers some will be inclined to affirm—for are there not many things in it hard for an English-

man to adapt to thought and feeling when contemplating the mystery of death? When one is stricken desolate by the presence of the destroyer in the household; when the deep black pall hangs over beauties of the earth, and shuts out glories of the sky; when even the innocent prattle of children seems harsh; at such a moment could anything be found in the *Messe des Morts* corresponding to the gloom and answering to the void? If the blessed sun seems but to mock the bereaved, how unwelcome must be the blare of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal! Again, when the soul, recovering from tearless woe and voiceless grief, finds utterance for sorrow, and sympathy enters from without into the heart, is there any single strain of comfort to be heard in Berlioz's music that can then be utilized? Scarcely. The voice of affection and pity could never be heard in such a hurricane. But it might with justice be said that the *Messe* is not for such an one, not for the allaying of individual grief, or the assuaging of personal affliction; that it was written for a nation's use over the grave of an illustrious son. Unfortunately, an ordinary Englishman is not too well qualified for appreciating its adaptability for such occasions; his experience being but slight in pageants of the kind. Besides, he is becoming less and less disposed to funeral demonstrations of any sort, and music still continues to be rare at the mournful ceremony. Indeed, as he is apt to regard anything like a musical celebration at such a time an inconsistent proceeding, it is not surprising to find him lacking in admiration of Berlioz's work.

It has been said by some of late that Handel's influence has upon the whole, proved prejudicial to native art. Whatever might be said on that doubtful statement, it is certain that his influence is, happily, still detrimental to the reception of that order of music which the *Messe* represents. The people, whose nature enabled them to assimilate the musical material supplied by the great Teuton, can scarcely be expected to receive with profit the altogether different ingredients proffered by the brilliant Frenchman. Handel's stamp is still upon our sacred music; the outline of his art still underlies efforts which apparently deviate from it. It could not be otherwise, for the qualities of musicianship, robustness, restraint, fervency and sublimity in which his works are grounded, have laid a foundation wide enough for all individual tastes to rest upon. Yet there is no room on it for Berlioz! The sacred music of the latter belongs to a different order. Springing from the older and more elastic religious organization, it deals with subjects, appeals to sentiments, works upon feelings, and makes use of means denied to the follower of a more contracted formula. For good or ill Handel gave a musical current to the prevailing religious opinions and feelings of England in the eighteenth century; an impetus that subsequent composers have not altogether turned aside; and now it is felt to be in sufficient force to resist the fascinations of the French sacred school.

In the *Messe des Morts* old church tones, or imitations of them, are heard in alternation with passages of a barbaric nature. The "Dies Iræ" abounds in these incongruities. It opens with themes of an ecclesiastical character, quickly followed at the "Tuba mirum," by the most extraordinary combinations of sounds the caprice of a musician ever designed. The brass bands at the four corners of the orchestra perform the "fanfare," which is supposed to represent the trump of the archangel at the last day. If the intention was to shock the hearer by dissonance and clamour, then the anticipated effect was on Saturday last fully realized; but if the design was to fill the listener with awe at the contemplation of the great and dreadful day, then the purpose entirely failed of fulfilment. Whatever may be the intrinsic merit of the music of this portion of the *Messe*, it is ill adapted to portray or suggest sublimity. The ecclesiastical character is resumed in "Quid sum

miser," sung by the semi-chorus, and accompanied, chiefly, by the cellos and basses. But the clamour returns in full force in "Rex tremendæ;" relaxing however, for a short time, in a weak setting of "Recordare Jesu pie," it gathers and concentrates again to expend all its might at the words "Liberā me di ore leonis." Gentler themes are heard in "Quærens me," allotted to the semi-chorus, which being unaccompanied, gave full scope to the fine body of voices Mr Manns had organized. Cymbals clash and drums are beaten in "Lachrymosa"—the number, which, more than any other, missed having an appropriate setting. The "Sanctus," opening with a tenor solo, (well sung on Saturday by Mr Harper Kerton) has several orchestral devices which heighten the effect considerably. A strange result is wrought by striking the drum and cymbal simultaneously; and the whole number is made interesting by quaint combinations the composer invented apparently for the occasion.

Whatever might have been the cleverness, ingenuity, fancy, and capacity of the author, the impression made by this music is that of incongruity—it seldom fittingly and becomingly illustrates words dealing with the most solemn event to be recorded in the world's history. Churchmen, whose ritual is used, can hardly accept a setting wherein the theatrical element is predominant over the religious. And poor humanity, whose lot it is to mourn, and fain would mourn with hope, cannot revert to any of the themes with the least prospect of finding comfort. No amount of talent can blot out this defect; no stroke of genius in orchestral colouring can supply the place of faithfulness and truthfulness to the spirit of the sublime text. Leaving the concert-room in a dissatisfied state of mind, and thinking that the subject was, perhaps, beyond the powers of man, my thoughts flew back many years, to the Glamorganshire hills, where, one Sunday morning, as I was ascending the heights, I heard floating towards me, on the breeze, voices singing a Welsh hymn. For a time I could see no one; soon a procession came in view, as it slowly wended its way round the hill-side. In the van were men bearing a departed brother to the long resting-place in the chapel-yard of the near village. The wailing strains of the singers grew louder as the mourners came on, then to die away as they went from me on their sad journey. That simple requiem, instinct tells me, was truer to human nature than Berlioz's gigantic *Messe des Morts*.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

A HANDSOME compliment has been paid to Mr Willing, Sir Michael Costa having presented that talented gentleman, for so many years connected with him as *répétiteur* at Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera House, with a collection of *batons* used by Sir Michael during the period of his professional career.

MR F. H. COWEN'S cantata, *St. Ursula*, was given at New York, by the Oratorio Society under the direction of Dr. Damrosch, on November 22nd, and was most cordially received. Several of the "numbers" being enthusiastically applauded. Mrs Osgood, Miss Hope Glen, Messrs. Toedt and Stoddard were the singers. The cantata is to be given, shortly, both at Philadelphia and Newark.

MAGDEBURGH (*Correspondence*).—At the Historical Concert here in commemoration of the Luther Anniversary, Herr Rebling gave a different composer's setting of each verse of the chorals sung, so that his programme stood thus: "Ein feste Burg." 1. Georg Rauh, 1488-1548; 2. Lucas Osiander, 1534-98; 3. Leo Hasler, 1504-1612; 4. Johann Eckard, 1553-1611. "Gelobet sei'st Du, Jesu Christ." 1. Johann Walter, 1524; 2. The same, 1551; 3. Lucas Osiander; 4. Adam Gumpeltzhaimer, 1560-1620; 5. Johann Eckard; 6. Bartholomäus Gesius, 15...-1613.

BRUSSELS.—Some time since, MM. Stoumon and Calabresi offered a prize for the best comic opera and another for the best ballet-score. Of thirteen comic operas, the judges did not deem any worthy of a prize; for the ballet, the successful competitor was J. Steveniers.

CONCERTS.

BROMPTON HOSPITAL.—The patients and visitors crowded the beautiful large hall on Tuesday, Nov. 27th, to enjoy a concert given by Lady Brabazon. Mr Charles J. Bishenden's singing was especially liked: the song, "John Olden," being loudly encored, as well as "Hearts of Oak." Mrs Bishenden joined her husband in a duet, with decided effect. Miss Burdett, Mr Addison, and Mr Owens were heard to advantage in their respective songs. Miss Bellson sang a sacred piece with much expression; and Mr Hubert Smith played two pianoforte solos in an artistic manner.

An amateur performance was given on Monday afternoon at St George's Hall in aid of the Church of Easthampstead, Berkshire. The favourite cantata, *Mazeppa*, written by Balfe in 1861, was the first work given; the solos in which were sung by Miss Edith Phillips, Miss Mary Howell, Mr Trelawney Cobham, and Mr Gabriel Thorp, the chorus being formed of members of the St Cecilia Choir, with Mr Malcolm Lawson as conductor. The revival of this excellent example of the genius of the composer was altogether a happy thought, and will probably be imitated elsewhere. The solos are among the most felicitous creations of Balfe, the choruses are most striking and effective, and the fine dramatic power everywhere existent with the reality and entraining character of the music enhance the interest of the work both for singers and hearers. *Mazeppa* was followed by a new operetta, entitled *The Ferry Girl*, the libretto of which is most cleverly adapted by the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire from a French original. The story is simple and pleasing, and the characters are well defined and skilfully drawn. The performance was, on the whole, excellent, great care having been taken in the rehearsal. The chief parts, as represented by Mrs Godfrey Pearse, the Ferry Girl; Miss Blackburn, Marie; Mrs Underdown, Jeanne, the peasant; Mrs H. Forbes Eden, the Countess; Signor Morganti, the Wizard; Captain Barrington Foote, Carlo; and Mr Godfrey Pearse, the Count, left little to be desired. The chorus of peasants, brigands, and soldiers did their work effectively. Lady Arthur Hill, the composer, was at the pianoforte. The performance was enthusiastically received by a large and distinguished audience.

MR S. V. BALFOUR'S vocal and instrumental concert was given on Monday, Dec. 3rd, at the new Town Hall, Westminster. The singers were Misses Elise Worth, Florence Rachelle, and Alice Kean, Signor Odoardo Barri, and Mr F. G. Caldicott; the instrumentalists—pianoforte, Herr Georg Asch; flute and piccolo, Miss Cora Cardigan and Mr O. Booth, together with an orchestra of forty performers conducted by Mr S. V. Balfour. The orchestral works were Anber's overture to the *Tête de Bronze*; a descriptive fantasia by T. Michaelis; a clever and effective "March" by Mr Georg Asch, descriptive of the approach, passing by, and gradual disappearance of a caravan in the desert (encored); Suppé's overture *Poet and Peasant*; an arrangement of some of the late Sir Henry Bishop's popular songs; a March by R. Eilenberg, "Mountain Gnomes;" the popular gavotte from Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon* (encored), and other effective pieces. The solo performances were Mr Georg Asch's charming *Réverie* "Feuilles Mortes," played, we need hardly say, in perfection, by the talented composer and pianist, and a fantasia for flute as well as piccolo, rendered with great effect by Mr Booth and Miss Cardigan. The singers were in great favour with the audience, Miss Alice Kean having to repeat Milton Wellings' "Golden Love;" Miss Rachelle, Millard's "Waiting;" Mr Caldicott, Balfour's effective song, "The little drummer;" and Mr Odoardo Barri deserving the same compliment for the artistic style with which he rendered Balfe's charming serenade, "Good night, beloved." Mr Balfour conducted like a thorough musician; Herr R. Koenig accompanied the singers admirably; and the concert altogether was thoroughly successful, the audience being evidently delighted with all they heard.

PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY ORGAN RECITALS.—Sir Herbert Oakeley gave the first of these for the season in the Music Class-room last week, which, as usual, was crowded on the occasion. These recitals are not confined to the Professor's own class, but are open to all matriculated students; and must prove an invaluable means of musical culture to all who avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing selections from the great masters played on the finest organ in Scotland. We observe that the fortnightly organ recitals will this session generally alternate with fortnightly lectures on Thursdays, which are also to be open to matriculated students—another instance of Sir Herbert Oakeley's desire to disseminate musical knowledge. The programme commenced with Martin Luther's grand chorale, "Ein feste Burg," in evident allusion to the fourth centenary of the great Reformer. In Handel's air for soprano, an adaptation

from one of his operas, the stops used appeared to be a combination of oboes, clarionets, and horns, which absolutely "sang" the melody. In the fugue, for organ, which followed, the fine counterpoint of the "Saxon Giant" was listened to with special satisfaction by true lovers of organ music; although Haydn's far more obvious and more comprehensible air and chorus were, as might be expected, more acceptable to so mixed an audience. A highly-impassioned movement by Mozart was re-demanded, but not repeated; the protracted applause, however, after Beethoven's exquisite *morceau*, from Op. 14, seemed to indicate that the audience would brook no denial, and the *encore* was complied with. The *staccato* in contrast with the *legato* effects seemed to be specially appreciated. The quartet movement by Spohr, so effective and so elaborately developed, was again more acceptable to those of the more musical portion of the listeners; but Hummel's "Melody," or air for variations in his Septuor, seemed to suit all tastes. Gluck's Gavotte caused quite a *furor*, and on the applause subsiding the Professor played another of those popular movements by Handel. The recital concluded with one of the most effective pieces sung at the concerts of the University Musical Society—Bishop's admirable setting of Sir Walter Scott's Boat-song, in *The Lady of the Lake*, in which all contrasts of light and shade, *fortissimo*, and its dying echoes, were introduced on the magnificent organ. Perhaps no recital in the Music Class-room has ever given more general satisfaction.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

LEIGHTON BUZZARD.—A concert took place on Thursday evening, Nov. 29, for the benefit of the Working Men's Institute. Among those who contributed to the success of the evening was Miss Wakefield, whose singing last year was remembered with delight by all who heard her. Her own song, entitled "Shearing Day," was most thoroughly appreciated by the audience, who called for a repetition, but she gave instead her popular song, "No, Sir." Miss Eleanor Rees, R.A.M., a young but exceedingly promising artist, had to repeat each of her songs. Among others, her rendering of Blumenthal's "Sunshine and Rain" was specially admired. "The Devout Lover," by Miss M. V. White, found an able interpreter in Mr. J. Harrison, who also sang Miss Wakefield's "More and More," accompanied by the composer. Mr. Herbert Webbe, a talented amateur violinist, gave Handel's Sonata in A, and also played in a trio (Niels W. Gade) with Mr. F. O. Bower (violinello) and Miss W. Healon (pianoforte), to whom the highest praise is due for the perfect manner in which she fulfilled her duties as accompanist throughout the evening.—(Communicated.)

NORWICH.—ST ANDREW'S HALL ORGAN RECITALS.—Dr Bunnett played on Saturday afternoon last—Offertoire in A flat (Vincent); Andante con moto (Smith); Larghetto in F (Bunnett); Concertstück for the Organ (Spark); Cavatina (Raff); the Sylphs, from *Faust* (Berlioz); Organ Concerto in F (Handel); air, "Le Chemin du Paradis" (Blumenthal); Romance Sans Paroles (Gounod); Overture to the opera *Tolomeo* (Handel).—Lady Vincent, assisted by some clever amateurs, together with the professional aid of Dr Bunnett, Mr. Kingston Rudd, and Mr. Walter Lain, gave a concert on Friday evening, and another on Saturday afternoon, in aid of the fund for the benefit of young working women. Originated and arranged by Lady Vincent, the programmes were of an interesting character, while the admirable manner in which they were rendered elicited general appreciation and stamped the performances as considerably above the average of amateur concerts in Norwich, which, considering the reputation of the city in such matters, is equivalent to saying that they possessed great and exceptional merit.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—*Esmeralda*, the new English opera, was produced for the first time in Newcastle at the Tyne Theatre on Tuesday evening, Nov. 27. A brilliant audience which crowded every part of the spacious building, gave it a rapturous reception. Mr. Goring Thomas has written a lyric which is worthy to be the forerunner of a great school of English opera. Miss Georgina Burns as *Esmeralda* reaped fresh laurels. She sang—says the *Newcastle Journal*—with the sweetness of a nightingale and the power of a thrush. She was the bewitching gipsy girl to life; Victor Hugo's creation was before us in the flesh, with a voice that might turn the heads of much less impressive people than the priest of Notre Dame or the captain of the guard. The other members of the company and the numerous chorus sang faultlessly. Mr. Goring Thomas's opera, as produced by the Carl Rosa company on the occasion under notice, must take rank as one of the greatest successes ever scored on a Newcastle stage.

LEICESTER.—The first of the second series of Mr. Harvey Löhr's Chamber Concerts was given on Thursday evening, November 29, in the lecture-room of the Museum. The programme comprised selections from the classic school of instrumental music, which was interpreted by a number of musicians of the highest efficiency. The attendance indicated that these intellectual and instructive evenings

are increasing in popularity among our music-loving townspeople, and that the enterprise is being worthily recognized. The lecture-room was filled, and the applause bestowed was sufficient testimony to the general merit of the work. The programme opened with Beethoven's Quartet in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, the performers being Messrs W. Frye Parker, J. H. Reed, W. V. Waud, and W. Buels. The same gentlemen also played Haydn's Quartet in G major, Op. 17, No. 5, which was listened to with pleasure. Mr. Harvey Löhr gave the Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Op. 31, No. 1 (Mendelssohn). The selection was well chosen, and the performance perfect. Mr. W. Frye Parker played Beethoven's Romance in F, Op. 50, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, which afforded ample opportunity for the display of his ability. Another treat was the Introduction and Polonaise, in C major, Op. 3, for pianoforte and violoncello (Chopin), by Mr. Harvey Löhr and Mr. Buels. The loud calls for an *encore* which followed was a deserved compliment, and, though contrary to the custom at these gatherings, the demand was complied with, the second movement being repeated. The vocalist was Miss Ambler. The concert was altogether a most enjoyable one, and much appreciated.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

The director of these concerts is sometimes charged with the offence of neglecting English art, but Monday night's experience went to show that he knows the taste of his patrons better than do his critics. In Monday night's programme—not otherwise a strong one—appeared a pianoforte quartet by Mr. Hubert Parry, and the response of the public was to leave the room half empty, even the enthusiastic amateurs who usually occupy the shilling seats staying away in force. We recognize nothing personal to Mr. Parry about this. But it indicates either profound indifference to English composers of chamber music or deep distrust of their ability. We regret the fact, and hope Mr. Chappell will soon succeed in winning over his supporters to a more sympathetic mood. He might further this object much by associating English works with proved attractions. Let the powder, if nauseous, be "exhibited" in the midst of luscious conserve, and so find acceptance on account of its surroundings. Mr. Parry is known as a musician of "advanced" tendencies; this repute his quartet does not belie. It is "advanced," likewise, and so much distinguished by the characteristics of its school, that even Mr. ———, most acute and experienced of annotators, postpones an analysis, and is content, apparently, to feel of all the movements that which he says concerning the first:

"It would answer no purpose to follow the *périple* of this movement, with its several themes rolling more or less unexpectedly into and out of each other, with an utter (though, be it added, thoroughly honest) disregard for what has been inculcated as 'form' by the example of the recognized great masters, from the first quartet of Mozart to the last of Beethoven, which show imagination as well as abstract musical beauty."

If Mr. ———, at leisure and with the score under his eye, treats the quartet thus gingerly, we shall not be expected to handle it with boldness. The work appears to us vague and sometimes confused, over-elaborated, and wanting as much in symmetry of design as in thematic beauty. Let this be said, however, not as a judgment but as an impression, which further acquaintance may remove. Some of Beethoven's quartets were accounted vague and confused in their early day, whereas now they are intelligible enough. We adopt this frequent argument in the premises, and keep the open mind that allows conviction to enter in, but are somewhat disheartened by reflecting that the most obvious features of Mr. Parry's quartet are easy to produce, and that his vagueness and confusion have not been preceded, like Beethoven's, by two periods of brilliant clearness. On the other hand, one should bear in mind that it is the fashion now to commence where Beethoven left off. What is the good of a pioneer if his successors may not begin their advance at the end of his? The Quartet was played with great spirit by Miss Zimmermann, Mme Néruda, Herr Holländer, and Signor Piatti. As to the rest of the programme, simple mention suffices of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in G minor for organ as arranged for the piano by Liszt, Haydn's Quartet in B flat (Op. 76), and Mozart's Pianoforte Trio in D minor (No. 2). Miss Ambler was a very acceptable vocalist.—*D. T.*

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Bach's B minor Mass was performed on the 26th November by the Rühl'scher Verein under the direction of Herr Kniese.—Gustav Walter, the tenor from Vienna, gave one of his well-known *Lieder*-concerts on the 27th November. He was assisted by the pianist, Professor Benno Schönberger.—Herr Strakosch has commenced a cyclis of recitals with *Hamlet*.—After a lapse of some years, a *réprise* of Cherubini's *Wasserträger*—(*Les deux Journées*)—has proved very successful.—Delibes' *Lakmé* will be performed for the first time in Germany on Monday, 3rd Dec. The composer will attend the "première" at the Frankfort New Operahouse.—The Cäcilien Verein, under musikdirector Müller, on the 30th November, gave a miscellaneous concert of sacred music, including "Come Jesus" by Bach, "Prayer for Peace" by Mendelssohn, and *Requiem* by Kiel.—Vogl will commence on Wednesday, 5th December, a short *début* with *Lohengrin*.—*Après* of Richter and Manns and the time taken in Beethoven's Symphonies, the eminent Franz Lachner, of Munich, pupil of Beethoven, taking example from the master, never inclined to the stormy and impetuous *tempi* now so frequently adopted. Lachner, though nearly eighty years of age, is well and hearty. His brother Ignaz, formerly Kapellmeister at Hamburg, Stockholm, and—after Spohr and Gühr for many years—at Frankfort, will be seventy-seven, and is in excellent health and spirits. Vincent, the youngest brother, born in 1811, is well remembered as Kapellmeister for a number of years at Mannheim.—*The King of Kandia*, a modern comedy in four acts, by Anst von Wildenbruch, is well received at the Stadttheater.

MR HENRY IRVING IN NEW YORK.

It is pleasant to be able to record the brilliant success in America of Mr Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the company of the Lyceum Theatre. They have acted in New York for four weeks in half a dozen dramas, and there has been standing room only nearly every time they have appeared. No one who understands even a little the temper of the American people could have entertained any doubt as to the financial prosperity of the enterprise. Whatever failings the American people may have, among these is not a lack of curiosity. The Americans have a highly intelligent curiosity; they are like the Athenians, at least in their desire to hear and see some new thing; and are willing to pay freely for the gratification. At all times, as we have heard an American put it, they are ready to give their money to see a good show. It is indisputable that the performance of the Lyceum company is really a good show. Therefore was it certain that the visit of Mr Irving would be profitable if well managed. It has been admirably managed. Mr Irving arrived at the right season, and appeared at the right theatre; and his steps throughout the length and breadth of the United States will be guided by the shrewd speculator who piloted Mme Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs Langtry.* The flaming red posters advertising Mr Irving's performances are now as familiar in Broadway as they have long been in the Strand; and photographs of Mr Irving and of Miss Terry, alone and together, taken from life and copied from pleasant caricatures, are as common in New York as they are in London. Mr Irving's personal welcome in New York was as cordial as his public reception; and his social success has been second only to his artistic success. He has been entertained by those by whom he would most wish to be entertained, and has met and mingled with many of the Americans best worth meeting. There is more dining and wineing in America than in England; but when the chicken and champagne are given by the critic to the actor the situation is wholly different. Mr Irving declined a public banquet which was offered him at the New Metropolitan Operahouse before his first appearance in New York. It is probable that it will be tendered again before his departure from America in May, and that he will then see no impropriety in accepting. He was invited to a dinner by the Lotos Club, at which he made a speech, and another at the Lambs'. He also made a little address when called out after his first appearance. These public speeches have been few and always simple and sincere. In all things and at all times he has borne himself gracefully and manfully.—*Saturday Review*.

LEIPZIG.—The management of the Stadttheater will produce next March a new opera, *Heliantus*, by Adalbert von Goldschmidt, composer of the oratorio, *Die sieben Todsünden*. Several eminent musicians, including Franz Liszt, speak highly of the new work, and prognosticate for it a great success.

* Mr Henry Jarrett?

BALFE'S MAZEPPA.

A musical entertainment was given at St George's Hall, on Monday afternoon, December 3, for a charitable object. It had features of interest highly creditable to its organizers, above all to Lady Arthur Hill, who appears to have been the moving spirit. One such feature was a performance of Balfé's cantata *Mazeppa*. Though about twenty-five years old this work comes as almost new to present audiences, whose immediate forerunners did not take the trouble to hand it on. Amateurs now who were amateurs then will remember, however, that *Mazeppa* was announced as the joint production of Jessica Rankin and Michael Balfé, and that it was first heard in Exeter Hall, a remarkable quartet of solo vocalists—to wit, Mme Sherrington, Mme Dolby, Mr Sims Reeves, and Mr Santley—taking part. The revival of the work by Lady Arthur Hill—who has had it performed on at least one other occasion—cannot but be welcome, since *Mazeppa* contains a good deal of Balfé's most tuneful and pleasing music. Some of the songs are quite characteristic of the composer, and therefore, in their way, excellent; while the numerous concerted pieces show the skilful as well as facile hand of one who would not always take the trouble to do himself justice. The cantata might be adopted with advantage by choral societies, to whose means it is suitable, and whose public would receive it with interest. Enough that the chorus, though small, was efficient, and that the solos were entrusted to Miss Edith Phillips, Miss Mary Howell, Mr Trelawny Cobham, and Mr Gabriel Thorp. Mr Cobham, as the representative of *Mazeppa*, carried off the honours, singing some charming songs with much taste. The accompaniments were well played by Mr S. Southgate (piano) and Mr Sergison (harmonium). Following Balfé's work came a one-act operetta, *The Ferry Girl*, the libretto adapted from the French by the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire, the music composed by Lady Arthur Hill. This piece is in all respects slight—slight in its plot, which shows how the purpose of a handit chief disguised as a wizard is foiled by a ferry girl, and hardly less sketchy in its music. Nevertheless, it was accepted yesterday as a pleasant trifle, most of the vocal numbers receiving a good deal of applause, and some of them an *encore*. These honours were deserved by the evidence afforded of Lady Arthur Hill's agreeable melodic powers, and the aptitude with which, using simple means, she can convey the feeling of her text. The principal parts were sustained by Mrs Godfrey Pearse, Mrs Forbes Eden, Signor Morganti, Mr Barrington Foote, and Mr Godfrey Pearse. In the title character Mrs Pearse made a decided impression, singing her music with skill and taste such as many a professional might envy. Mr Sergison again accompanied at the harmonium, the composer herself presiding at the pianoforte with much ability.—*D. T.*

MUSICAL SKETCHES.

By H. E. D.

No. 10.—THE QUACK COMPOSER.

"Of human Criminals, in these centuries, writes the Moralist, I find but one unforgivable: the Quack. 'Hateful to God,' as divine Dante sings, 'and to the Enemies of God,'

'A Dio spiacente ed a nemici sui!'"

—Carlyle's "French Revolution," Vol. ii. Bk. iii. ch. 7.

Who does not know the Quack Composer; the man who, generally in the character of an amateur, palms off his spurious manufactures on his acquaintances and the credulous public! He is often a clerk in a counting-house, a draper's assistant, or, in fact, anything except a professed and trained musician. He has not sufficient musical knowledge or ability to embark in the profession, but is anxious to acquire a little cheap success and local fame as a composer without undergoing the usual study and labour, which alone lead to a genuine competency in any art.

He is often remarkable for his real ignorance of music. He is unable to play even a hymn-tune at sight, and when asked to do so tells you in the calmest manner that some persons play by sight, others by ear, and that he is of the latter class, which he apparently expects you to believe is, if anything, the superior of the two. Play by ear he certainly does, and sometimes it is extraordinary how few blunders he makes in the *melody* of a piece, although he generally puts it in quite the wrong key. As for the *harmonies*, he just manages to get the principal chords and modulations, and all the rest is merely a vamped up and characterless "padding," execrable to a trained musical ear. I have heard such a man so play from ear even pieces like Chopin's Valse in D flat, without having ever seen the score. It is a remarkable, though hateful phenomenon.

But it is not his manipulative performances of which we have most to complain, for the influence thereof is, perhaps, confined to a

very limited area: it is his "compositions," or let us rather say "impositions," to which we object.

Carlyle truly said in his first lecture on "Heroes and Hero-worship":—"Quackery gives birth to nothing; gives death to all things." Certainly, the quack musician gives birth to nothing. His productions abound in plagiarisms, deliberate robberies, and what tradesmen call "colourable imitations." If one of these is pointed out to him he exclaims, in apparent astonishment, "What an extraordinary coincidence! I never before saw or heard of that composition!"

He is shrewd withal, and knows how much depends amongst certain classes on external appearance, and therefore calls in the aid of chromo-lithography to provide a gorgeous arrangement of all the colours of the paint-box, called a "pictorial title-page." Then, the titles themselves must be euphonious and poetical. He therefore calls his productions "Carolings in the Corn," "Crystal Blossoms," "Ambrosial Zephyrs," or "Snivellings at Sunset"! It is of course impossible to discover any adaptability in the titles to the music (I beg pardon, combination of sounds) itself.

If our Quack essays to write a song he invariably has a friend of equal attainments in Poetry who is ready, and, indeed, exceedingly proud, to provide him with the necessary words. If the songs are of a sentimental character they are called by such names as "Tender and Trustful," "Blasted Hopes," "Aft," or "Thou only, dearest Dove!" If of a more masculine kind the titles are "Wilfred the Warrior," "Jack's Troth," "There's pluck left in us yet!" or "Our island Isle for ever!"

The quack composer invariably has what he calls his "favourite key," and I have observed that this is generally either E natural or A flat major, though why it should be so is inscrutable and somewhat extraordinary. He also has his favourite chords and endings, and tries to bring in his "startling effects" with a kind of climax and anti-climax, but, as he is ignorant of the principle of what I may call the "storage of energy," he neglects the economy of his material, and wastes his would-be effects in frequent repetitions.

It is amusing, however, to see him "composing." He sits at the piano with a sheet of music paper in front of him, and a lead pencil between his teeth, and begins extemporizing and hunting for what he calls an inspiration. Suddenly he hits upon a theme—a modification of somebody else's, of course—and the pencil at once comes into operation. He first of all fills in as well as he can the melody for about ten bars, and then goes back and flounders about in search of the most effective harmonies, holding down chords with his left hand while he transfers them to his paper with the right.

One of his great difficulties is the question of time: he never knows whether there should be four semibreves or four crotchets in his bars. And as for the accidentals in chromatic passages and the different kinds of rests, he does not even attempt to write them correctly. As soon as he has got his production into what he would call a satisfactory form, he sends it to a musical friend or to one of the gentlemen who announce in the advertisement columns of newspapers their willingness to correct and supervise manuscript music for a small fee.

When the quack composer's work comes back to him he hardly recognizes it as his own, so changed is it. Some of his most cherished chords have, much to his regret, been swept away—probably on account of their containing consecutive fifths or otherwise breaking some recognized law of music. But he has too much cunning to venture to re-introduce them, knowing how important it is that there should be no absolute blunders in his productions.

He then goes the round of the publishers, and if, as, to the credit of those gentlemen, generally happens, he is unable to induce any of them to purchase his wares, he decides to publish by subscription, and from that moment he becomes a pest and a nuisance to everyone of his acquaintance. Each person whom he meets he accosts with the solicitation: "Would you mind subscribing for a few copies of my new song?" or, "I am just bringing out a new piece for the pianoforte. May I put your name down for half a dozen copies?"

In short, these musical charlatans are consummate humbugs, and a source of continual annoyance to those around them. There is not even the common, but questionable, excuse for them that "they have to get a living," for they do not live by it. It is simply a recreation which they adopt on account of the gratification which it affords to their morbid pride. If they would really study music, though only as amateurs, one would not complain but applaud, though even then we would wish them to suspend publishing until they had acquired a certain considerable efficiency in composing. Fielding, with his inimitable irony wrote an essay (*Tom Jones*, book xiv., chap. I.) "to prove that an author will write the better for having some knowledge of the subject on which he writes," and probably the same might be said of a composer!

In conclusion, quack musicians, like all other quacks, owe their existence to the "gullibility" of the general public. Without

patrons they could not carry on their nefarious trade. Their extermination is therefore to be effected only by the advancement of musical education, so that those who at present patronize these ambitious individuals may be enabled to distinguish the charlatan from the honest and able musician.

EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT No. 40.

(Continued from page 757.)

1801.

The vocal concert this season, for the first time, blended instrumental with the vocal music, at Willis's Rooms.

Our national winter theatres produced no musical novelty this season, until the 28th of February, when a new pantomimic drama was first performed under the title of *La Perouse, or the Desolate Isle*, taken from Kotzebue's drama of *La Perouse*. The music of this piece, by Davy and Moorhead, is scientific and tasteful, and contains a considerable share of original melody. *La Perouse* had a long run, and became very popular.

The gala at the opening of Vauxhall Gardens, on the 4th of June, in honour of his Majesty's birth-day, was splended in the extreme. In the admirably performed concert, Mr. Hook, in his organ concerto, played "God save the King," with great ability.

In the summer of the year 1801, Mr. P., a very intimate friend of mine, holding a distinguished and lucrative legal situation, went with his wife, during that season of inactivity for sheriff's officers called the long vacation, to pass two or three weeks at Brighton. Having returned one day from a morning ride, he was greatly surprised and pleased at finding a card had been left, under cover, inviting him and his rib to a party that evening at the Pavilion. He at first considered it an extraordinary circumstance, never having been honoured with the notice of the Prince; but being at length influenced by vanity and the importunities of a silly woman, he determined to avail himself of the honour which awaited him, conceiving at the same time (as he afterwards informed me), that an invitation from the august personage was a command. He accordingly proceeded with his better half to the Pavilion, and presenting the card, which was properly signed, &c., they were ushered into the presence of his Royal Highness and some ladies and gentlemen, who had previously arrived. The intruders being quite unknown, produced a dilemma of an awkward nature to all parties, till the Prince, with his usual politeness and affability, making inquiries of Mr. P., was satisfied that a hoax had been practised on him. On the parties being about to withdraw, his Royal Highness said to them, with great delicacy and feeling, "As you have been thus imposed on, it is my advice that you remain here a short time, whereby you will defeat the malice of your enemy." It was never exactly ascertained who had played this daring trick; but it was perhaps with justice attributed to an Irish singing actor (acquainted with the parties abused), who, having access to some of the departments of the Pavilion, had surreptitiously obtained a blank card, on which he had inserted the names. This was in some measure confirmed by that impudent son of Erin leaving Brighton early the following morning.

Mrs. Billington, that truly great singer, who had passed the last six years in Italy, having returned to England, the proprietors of both our English theatres proposed terms to her for an engagement; when the lady, after a short hesitation, gave the preference to her first employer, Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden Theatre, on the following terms: three thousand guineas to perform during the ensuing season, three times a week, a free benefit ensured at five hundred pounds, and five hundred pounds more to her brother, Mr. Weichsell, for leading the band on the nights she performed. This engagement was broken by Mr. Sheridan, the proprietor of Drury Lane Theatre, making it appear that he had first offered those terms; so that it was at length agreed that she should perform alternately at both houses. This point being adjusted, Mrs. Billington made her first appearance, after a lapse of seven years, at Covent Garden Theatre on the 3rd of October, in the character of Mandane, in Arne's fine opera of *Artaxerxes*. Mrs. Billington's voice appeared to have acquired additional strength under the clear sky of Italy, and she had most happily engrafted the Italian on the English style of singing. She sang the recitatives and the whole of the airs inimitably, but was most impressive in "Let not rage," and "The soldier tired," which was tumultuously encored. In the latter, the second time of singing it, she introduced an elegant and playful alteration in some of the divisions, which was ingenious, new, and fascinating. She hurried, however, some parts of this famous song, in order to render the divisions more brilliant, whereby in some measure she sacrificed its characteristic dignity. In the third act she introduced,

with extraordinary effect, a bravura, accompanied by Mr Weichsell on the violin, in the performance of which he displayed a rich tone, a finished shake, and brilliant execution. Mrs Billington performed the same character with like success at Drury Lane Theatre on the 8th of October. On both occasions the applause was immense, and the houses excessively crowded. Mr Braham and Signora Storace, who had been engaged by Mr Harris while they were on the continent, having arrived in England, made their first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre on the 9th of December, in a new comic opera, by Prince Hoare, called *Chains of the Heart, or The Slave by Choice*. The music was composed by Mazzinghi and Reeve. Braham showed astonishingly improved powers. But the new style which he had adopted during his absence from England was not generally relished here, owing to the profusion of embellishment he threw into even his most simple airs. The most fastidious, however, a short time afterwards listened to him with pleasure. That Braham's new style was not generally admired, is not surprising; for in music as in dress, a new fashion frequently appears *outré*, till use has reconciled us to it. Storace's acting and singing powers were as brilliant as ever. The music of this production was pleasing and original.

The King's Theatre opened on the 22nd of December, with Salieri's comic opera, called *L'Angiolina*; the music of which is a happy combination of science, taste, and melody. It was universally applauded throughout. Salieri was born in the Venetian States, and educated under Pescetti, and subsequently Gasman. He composed operas in the Italian, German, and French languages. He however chiefly distinguished himself at Vienna, where he had been appointed chapel-master to the Emperor of Germany, and set thirteen operas, most of which were comic. In 1784 he composed *Les Danaïdes*, a serious opera, for the Académie Royal de Musique at Paris, which was received with great applause, even in competition with the operas of Gluck, Piccini, and Sacchini.

(To be continued.)

—o— WAIFS.

Prof. F. F. Rogers, of Malvern, has, we understand, completed the setting of his cantata entitled *Deborah* (words by "Wetstar"), upon which he has been occupied for some considerable time.

Gobatti is busy on a new opera, *Janko*.

The *Trocatore* informs us that Rubinstein is at Palermo.

Signora Giunti-Barbera is engaged at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

Montalba is fulfilling a highly successful engagement at Bucharest.

Wagner's *Nibelungen Tetralogy* is to be performed in St Petersburg.

Suppé is writing a new buffo opera, to be first produced in Prague.

Papier has been singing in Wiesbaden, and met with a flattering reception.

Halévy's *Juive* is the last quasi-novelty at the Teatro del Liceo, Barcelona.

F. Servais has completed the instrumentation of his opera, *Apollonie*.

Frapolli and Bertini, the tenors, have been engaged for the San Carlo, Naples.

Adolphe Adam's *Giralda* has been revived at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

Mr F. H. Cowen's cantata *St. Ursula* was given with success at Birmingham last week.

Jeanne Franco, pianist and violinist, has, after an absence of two years, returned to New York.

After a stay of some years in America, M. Jehin-Prume, the violinist, has returned to Belgium.

It is proposed at Berlin to erect a monument to Theodor Kullak in the cemetery where he is buried.

The municipality of Palermo have voted 10,900 liras towards repairing and redecorating the Politeama.

L'Africaine, with Borghi-Mamò as Selika, has been given at the Teatro San Carlo, Lisbon, with great success.

Steps are being taken to establish in Rome a new choral society under the title of the Palestrina Choral Society.

The receipts of the recent Philharmonie Concert, Berlin, in which Anton Rubinstein took part, were 10,532 marks.

Angelina Luger has made a hit as Leah in Anton Rubinstein's opera, *Die Maccabäer*, at the Stadttheater, Leipzig.

It is said that Arrieta's new opera, *San Franco de Sena*, will shortly be performed at the Teatro San Carlo, Lisbon.

The members of the Riedel Verein, Leipzig, lately gave a performance of Kiel's oratorio, *Christus*, in the Thomas Church.

Ambroise Thomas's *Françoise de Rimini* is to be produced at Antwerp on the 11th inst., under the direction of the composer.

A new buffo opera, *Politica y Tauromaquia*, music by Rubio and Espino, has been well received at the Teatro Eslava, Madrid.

Léon Somzée succeeds Elkan as president of the New Society of Music, Brussels, and G. de Laveleye has been re-elected vice-president.

Marianne Eissler, a fair young violinist from Vienna, was much applauded at the last concert of the Cercle Artistique, Brussels.

The Arch-Duke Johann's ballet, *Die Assasinen*, magnificently put upon the stage, has been produced at the Vienna Imperial Opera-house.

According to the *Gazzetta Teatrale*, Rome, Arrigo Boito is writing the book and music of a new opera, to be entitled *Pier Luigi Farnese*.

Mr Frederic Clay is dangerously ill. He was seized with paralysis on Tuesday night; and, we regret to say, there is no material change in his condition.

Lucilla has withdrawn his new opera, *Il Conte Rosso*, from the Teatro Regio, Turin, and it will now be produced at the Teatro Carlo Felice, Genoa.

Gramman's new opera, *Das Andreasfest*, produced a short time since at the Stadttheater, Augsburg, is accepted at the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna.

An individual named Gandon (Gander?) has had the patience to count the notes in *Les Huguenots* (arranged for voice and piano), and finds they number 43,720.

The Municipal Council of Brussels have decided that the management of the Théâtre de la Monnaie shall remain for another year in the hands of Stoumon and Calabrési.

A. Boito's *Mefistofele*, with Signorine Theodorini, Borghi, Signori Masini and Nannetti, in the principal parts, has proved exceedingly attractive at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

M. Joseph Wieniawski, the pianist, will play at the concert of the Neufchâtel Musical Society on the 13th inst., and on the 20th he will appear at the Leipzig Gewandhaus.

Musin, the Belgian violinist, made his first appearance in New York on the 17th ult., at the opening concert of the Symphony Society, under the direction of Dr Damrosch.

We understand that Mr E. A. Sydenham has been appointed organist and director of the choir at All Saints', Scarborough, vacant by the appointment of Dr Naylor to York Minster.

The valuable collection made by the late Léonard Terry, of Liège, of books and manuscripts relating to the history of music in that town has been purchased by the Belgian Government.

Accompanied by a numerous orchestra, Auvray has started on a tour in the French provinces for the purpose of performing works by Delibes, Massenet, Widor, and other modern French composers. Its success is doubtful.

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Two pieces of sacred music, the composition of Mr Jas. J. Monk, of Liverpool, have just reached us. The first is a "Te Deum" in simple form, for parochial use (published by Messrs Cramer & Co., Liverpool, and F. Pitman, London); the second is a festival anthem, "O be joyful in God" (published by Messrs Novello, Ewer & Co., London). As regards the "Te Deum," since musical authorities regard the chant form as unsuitable to this grand hymn, Mr Monk—says the *Liverpool Courier*—has acted judiciously in attempting a special setting.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The 219th *Soirée Musicale* took place on Thursday, the 29th November, on which occasion several new members were introduced. The following artists appeared, viz.:—Mmes Florence Grant, Masset, Gough, Davey, Tieski, English, Schmidt, and Waugh; Messrs Morton, Ponsonby, Moore, Wilson, William, and Herr Schubert. Herr Schubert conducted. The rooms were very full. The 220th *Soirée Musicale* will take place on Wednesday, 12th December.

LISBON.—Freitas, manager of the San Carlo, went a short time since to the Minister of the Interior and requested an advance of 44,500 francs on the annual Government subsidy. The Minister declined to make the said advance, whereupon Freitas declared that he was unable to carry on the Theatre. In this dilemma, the Minister determined to do so for the Government, and appointed as manager Campos Valdez, who in the past occupied the same position at his own risk for twelve years.

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